

# THE EVENING TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

# EDITORIAL PAGE

# Everyday Stories of the Workings and Workers of the Departments

Uncle Russell Sage doesn't seem to be comfortable in his new winter suit. In the case of Mr. Gorman, the man who waits again scores a triumph. It is doubtless the opinion of Kitchener that a Botha in the hand is worth several De Wets in the kloof.

There is only one drawback to Mrs. Gardner's Venetian palace. One cannot see it without going to Boston.

It is thought that after this, when officials in New York are asked to resign, they will not wait to be pried loose.

George Ade has written a comic opera. He can manage the slang all right, but how will he put the capitals into the wrong places?

Undoubtedly the British officers in South Africa were taught what to do in case of emergency; but they did not expect a continuous performance of emergencies.

Some people are now talking of Justice Jerome as a Presidential possibility. If many more people are crowded into that class it is likely to be a tight squeeze for all of them.

The announcement that Denmark will not sell West India islands to the United States is not likely to cause an international crisis. We have a few islands and some archipelago now.

Edison has finally settled on a name for Marconi's performance. He calls it monumental audacity, which is at any rate nearer the truth than some of the other phrases he has applied.

It may be some comfort to Dr. Freeman to remember that some of the people who are now calling him Mr. Mary E. Wilkins are doing so only because they are too lazy to remember his real name.

Some of the yellow newspapers are having another attack of hydrophobia over the American mission to King Edward's coronation. According to the saffron idea of Anglo-American courtesy, we ought to make it of the eighteenth century brand, when the colonies were howling against George III.

## Bad Sidewalks.

While the street-car system of the city has been transformed by the use of electricity, many sidewalks are reminiscent of the old days of horse, not to say of the days of the old days. They are full of bumps and holes, and are intersected with deep cracks and canals. In a town where the street lamps are not as numerous as they might be in the outlying districts, this is productive of serious difficulties.

The cause of this deformed condition of the sidewalks is partly age and partly climate. The sharp alternations of heat and cold which take place in the course of the year cause the bricks to lose their original symmetrical formation. Expansion, in summer, pushes them up into ridges; and when they contract again they do not come down into exactly the right places. Some are loosened and eventually disappear, whether used as weapons in a street fight or as props for some decrepit piece of furniture out of doors or in. The result is a hole of irregular shape, all ready for the next rain to convert it into a lake. The unwary pedestrian on his way home, fighting the elements, half blinded by wind and wet, steps into this lake, and uses picturesque language. It is not right that a man should be subjected to such temptations.

On a country road one expects to get wet and muddy, and find brooks across the path, but in a city street one does not expect it. If something is not done there will be a Washington walk characterized by lifting the feet high and putting them down cautiously, and that will not be graceful.

## What is Meant by "Executive Ability."

Whatever Mr. Andrew Carnegie says is of interest. A man who has piled up the millions as he has piled them is worthy of a hearing when he rises to remark. His most recent public utterance was made before railroad men of New York. In the course of his talk he said:

"It took me some time to learn, but I did learn, that the supremely great managers, such as you have these days, never do any work to speak of themselves; their point is to make others work while they think."

Coming from Mr. Carnegie, this is important. Also, it impresses us as being in the nature of the great white truth. Nature has not yet produced a man who with his own two hands can amass a million dollars. Wealth comes by another route.

A bootblack may become a millionaire—but he will never become a millionaire simply by shining shoes at five cents the pair. Some time ago a man of parts opened a bootblack shop. It was a very little shop, and the profits were not large. Still, there were profits. The man took his profits and put them into a second shop, and he paid another man to run this shop for him. In a little while he had a third shop, and from that time on his business grew. He compounded his interest in a manner highly gratifying to himself. He eventually had scores of shops running. His profits footed up enormously in the aggregate. The other day he sold a two-year-old horse of his own breeding, for the highest price ever paid in America. He is a very

rich man—because he has other men working for him.

This is the Carnegie principle, and it is a good principle. You can adopt it as your own. Use your hands to give you the start. And then use your brains to keep you going—going faster and faster.

## Keep Out the Celestials.

With two or three notable exceptions, the opponents of the Chinese exclusion law have thus far preferred to offer their arguments anonymously. They have cried out bitterly from their concealment against the re-enactment of the law and have threatened a cataclysm of retribution if the policy is continued. On the other hand, they have promised Elysian benefits if the barrier against the coolie is demolished by Congress.

The favorite argument of the anti-exclusionist is that we admit to this country more or less freely the immigrants from all lands except the Celestial Empire; then he proceeds to specify. Following this, he raves about discrimination.

The pro-Celestial enthusiast fails to appreciate the fact that all the foreigners who come to America, the Chinaman is the only one who persistently refuses to assimilate. To the American body politic he is an indigestible morsel. Aside from a few superficial departures, he walls himself in with his clannishness, and dreams of the day when he shall return to the land of his ancestors dead or alive.

The Chinaman is merely a visitor, bent on profit. Other foreigners amalgamate to a large extent with the population, adopt our customs, make this the home of their hope and the permanent field of their strife for prosperity. We do not pretend to say that other classes of immigrants do not embrace those who intend to return to the fatherland in the days to come, when fortune has smiled upon them, but these are in a minority; the great majority come hither to lay their hearthstones and enjoy the benefits of American law and American living.

The average Chinaman who came to the United States was undesirable; that is the trouble. He is an inveterate gambler and has little comprehension of morals. Americanism is a mystery in which he takes only sufficient interest to learn the denomination and value of the coin of the realm. He is willing to reduce labor to the lowest plane by working for a pittance which would not keep the life in the bodies of an American and his family.

John Chinaman must be kept out. If all Celestials were like the astute, gentlemanly, and scholarly Wu Ting-fang it would be otherwise; but Mr. Wu is the rara avis.

## PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT WASHINGTON PEOPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Spaulding have returned from Chicago. On Tuesday next they will leave again for a trip to Florida and other Southern points.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Edward McCauley entertained a number of gentlemen at dinner. Among the guests were Senator McComas, Senator Foster, Director Merriam, General Wilson, Mr. Wade, Mr. Bingham, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Curry, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Lowndes.

Mrs. I. W. van Schalk, formerly of Milwaukee, is visiting at 1421 R Street.

Mrs. Martin will not be at home again during the season, owing to the death of Senator Martin's brother, Mr. R. J. Martin, of Richmond, Va.

Mrs. J. M. Smith, of New York, is visiting her niece, Mrs. Fred Van Vranken, of Chestnut Avenue, Takoma Park.

Mrs. J. C. Breckinridge is not receiving, owing to the death of Mrs. Mary C. Wainfield, of Lexington, Ky., sister of General Breckinridge, Inspector General United States Army. Mrs. Breckinridge is now in Lexington, Ky., and General Breckinridge is still in the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Quincy Smith and their little daughter, Dorothy, sail today for Porto Antonio, Jamaica. They will spend several weeks on the island, visiting Kingston, Spanish Town, Port Royal, Mandeville, Montego Bay and other points of interest on the island.

Mrs. Mitchell, wife of the Assistant Comptroller of the Treasury, has been ill throughout the winter and will, therefore, be unable to make calls.

## Schwab's Pastime.

(Chicago Chronicle.) President Schwab of the steel trust is putting in the "absolute rest" prescribed by the physicians who sent him to Europe in the apparently playful pastime of trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo. If Mr. Schwab were only as philosophical as his old friend and benefactor, Andrew Carnegie, he would find just as easy, if less exciting, methods of getting rid of his surplus wealth. But the gamblers are doubtless glad that the Carnegie method is not the only one.

## The Tillman Party.

(Savannah News.) Senator Tillman says that the Louisiana delegation in Congress is composed of "as fine a group of Republicans as I ever met, so far as the sugar interests are concerned." Unless the Senator curbs that tendency of his to read out of the Democratic party every man who does not agree with him, he may soon have the party as he views it, reduced to one man.

## The Grey Hair Bacillus.

(Chicago Chronicle.) A scientist has discovered the bacillus of grey hair. Its activity is not limited as to age and climate and is innocuous except in the vain, who are subject to another microbe, the illusion that artificial temporary agents will repair the ravage of the grey bacillus, either in fact or in aspect.

## Tendering the Olive Branch.

(Galveston News.) This Government has given assurances to the Russian Minister at Washington that it will do everything in its power to prevent our sailors of the Vicksburg from hammering the Russian soldiers every time they go ashore at Nieuchuan. Our sailors are none of the bone of the most peaceable people of the earth.

## Pretty Actresses of the Day



MISS CLAIRE McDONALD.  
Who Plays the Part of Pedro in "A Royal Rival" at the New National.

## GOTHAM DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1902.

Monday night, at the Theatre Republic, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress, made her first appearance in this city. Every seat in the house was filled and the sign "Standing Room Only" was displayed as soon as the doors were opened.

Although Mrs. Campbell is no longer a young woman, she has an attractive personality and a magnetic manner. "Macbeth" her opening bill, is a gloomy play, and it is evident that the title part is not one of her best. Still she acted it with a quiet and sustained power that won the audience's approval for much applause and frequent curtain calls.

Thursday night Mrs. Patrick was seen in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," a play in which she scored her best success in London. Next week her repertoire will include "The Notorious Mrs. Elphinstone," "Maudie," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Marianne." The engagement, which is limited to three weeks, promises to show large results at the box office.

At the Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn, this week Herbert Keiley and Edie Shannon are presenting Martha Morton's play, "Her Lord and Master," to large audiences. The author has given the public a drama of much interest. The story is logical, its tone is moral, and its lines are bright, and in many cases brilliant.

It tells of an American girl who marries an Englishman. In the London home of her husband she longs for a breath of American air. Mr. Keiley gives an excellent impersonation of the English nobleman, and Miss Shannon is much more than a vaudeville specialty. "Her Lord and Master" is an excellent play of manners. It tells a concise, straightforward story and is effective in its climaxes. It is the best play which has been staged in the city since the opening of the season. The supporting company is a good one and the scenery and costumes handsome and appropriate.

At the Columbia Theatre, in Brooklyn, last week a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was given that beat the band. A lady by the name of Valerie Bergerie was the Juliet and a Mr. Frank Camp the Romeo.

Of all the performances of this play ever given on any stage this one was probably the most unique. Between the acts vaudeville specialties were introduced. It was funny—no, it was sad—to hear a young woman of fifty hand wipers sing "Throw 'em down McCloskey" just before Juliet's death.

Although Shakespeare has been dead many years he must have turned over in his grave during these performances, which were given twice a day at the rate price of 10, 20, and 50 per.

"Frocks and Frills" is certain to have a profitable run at Daly's Theatre. This play seems to be an attempt to subordinate the actors to a display of ladies' furbelows. In one scene there is an interesting exhibit of frocks, lingerie, ruffles and other duds worn by the fair sex, and to say it pleases the ladies in the audiences only half tells the story.

The women of the cast are not much more than dress models, and the men floor walkers. There is only one really good part in the piece: that of a stutering man, which is capably acted by James Lee Finney.

In the dressmaker shop scene Dorothy Dorr, a charming young actress, rises on a new gown, and at every performance she makes a new gown, this time the costume she displays the handsomest shoulders shown on the local stage in many moons. The play itself is cleverly written but it is all clothes. For this reason it appeals to the women and will make money. The gown must have cost Manager Daniel Frohman a fortune. They are magnificent confections, and right up to date. Since the opening night the theatre has been packed to the doors at every performance.

The building of new theatres and hippodromes in this city goes on apace, and if all that are projected materialize, we shall have places of amusement on every corner. In addition to the new theatre which Klav & Erlanger are to erect in West Forty-second Street Kirke La Shelle and David Belasco announce that they, too, will build new playhouses on, or near, the "Rialto." Then we are promised at least three hippodromes; one of them is being promoted by John W. Hamilton, formerly of the Barnum & Bailey "Greatest Show on Earth," another by

a gentleman named Thompson, and the third by Simon Desau, who occasionally breaks into the theatrical business.

Mr. Sigismund B. Alexander, of Boston, literary man, has written a one-act tragedy called "Nobility," which the students of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School produce at a matinee to be given at the Madison Square Theatre, January 30.

The scene of the new play is laid in Russia, and the story tells of a nihilist plot. "Aim and Ends," a three-act drama by Mr. Alexander, will also be known at the same time. These matinees are always attended by prominent managers in search of young ladies and gentlemen who have talent for the professional stage.

The continued attractions that are doing a good business are: Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Barry," at the Criterion; "The Wilderness," at the Empire; Charles Hawtry, at the Garrick; Henry Miller, at the Savoy; Annie Russell, at the Lyceum; Virginia Harrod, at the Garden; Thomas were born in the year 1842. Mr. Richardson was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress and has been successively re-elected almost without opposition. Mr. Payne was a member of the Joint High Commission, and Mr. Richardson is the highest Mason in the world. Mr. Payne is large and stout, being decidedly rotund, while Mr. Richardson is tall and spare. Both are very clever gentlemen, and well liked.

In a few days Representative McCleary of Minnesota will introduce a bill, the purpose of which is to increase the usefulness of national banks. Mr. McCleary wants the national bank act amended so as to permit banks located in small towns or villages to lend a portion of their resources on real estate security. In his opinion this would prove a boon to men of small capital who desire to enlarge their business by borrowing money from the banks on good real estate security. He contends that this would largely aid to the business of the banks. Thriving communities and prosperous banks, Mr. McCleary says, go hand in hand.

Although the Congressional elections are more than ten months off and the new members have not yet become thoroughly acquainted with the proceedings of the House, yet a number of them are hard at work, strengthening their political fences. In their respective districts they know that dangerous Congressional candidates are continually springing up and they must "make good" in Washington if they hope to return. They find a difficult task, for it is exceedingly hard to catch the Speaker's eye, and thus break into the "Record," but they do the next best thing, and that is to introduce bills and petitions. When a member has introduced a bill that becomes popular, and

the newspapers print and comment upon it, he will flood his district with copies of his measure.

It was raining hard. A gentleman, well dressed, sprightly, smooth-faced, approximately forty-five, came dashing out of the ladies' entrance at the New Willard, umbrellaless, and not wishing to make the trip upstairs in Mr. Haight's fast-flying lift, propounded a query to the liveried footman. "Where can I get an umbrella?"

"Across the way, Congressman," replied the footman. So Mr. Newlands, a millionaire Representative from Nevada, turned up his coat collar and ran across the street to a haberdashery. He picked out a cheap, cotton umbrella. As he was about to open the rain-cover and make his exit, he spied a clothes-tree burdened with Raglan rain coats.

"How much?" he enquired, carelessly, slipping into a long light-colored garment. "Twenty-five dollars," replied the clerk. "A bargain, to be sure," replied the millionaire Congressman, as he strode off toward the little white-encased cashier's window, pen in hand, and asking for a blank check.

The haberdasher, who had been caught once or twice before with "bad paper," hesitated because Mr. Newlands was unknown to him, and was on the point of apologizing a refusal when a friend of Mr. Newlands' called out "Hello Congressman."

Mr. Newlands took the raglan. The three were indulging in their favorite pastime—jesting! Messrs. Ruppert, Ryan, and Fitzgerald, of New York, composing the party. Ruppert had just handed out a box of cork-tipped cigarettes, when Representative O. H. P. Belmont came through the Democratic cloakroom. "Look at him; ain't he handsome," said Fitzgerald, with a merry twinkle, pointing to the distinguished Belmont.

"And see how clipper he appears," chimed Ruppert. "A regular three-piece fashion plate," piped Ryan. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Belmont," said Fitzgerald, who is usually up to some kind of innocent pleasantry. "I've got a new joke to spring on you." Then he started in. "If the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor were to fall into the bay, what would it be?" Belmont hesitated a moment, glanced at Fitzgerald's companion a moment and then said, smilingly: "Why, Mr. Fitzgerald, a 'statue-wet, of course.'"

## ALONG THE SKIRMISH LINE.

### Just Execution.

The best way for young writers to avoid murdering the English language is to kill off most of their adjectives.

### The Reason.

"Why do you suppose wise people always look so grave?" "I don't know, unless it is because they all feel as if they were alone in the world, with nobody fit to talk to."

### Compulsory Grit.

"I never saw anybody with as much sand as you have," said the physician, admiringly.

"That's all right," gasped the Washington man, as he was pulled out from under the railroad wreck. "We've been drinking Potomac water down there for the last fifty years, and it stands to reason we're about half sand."

### A Humane Invention.

It is up to some philanthropist now to introduce ear muffs for horses.

### Biblical Criticism.

"Why was it so hard for the Hebrews to make bricks without straw?" enquired the child.

"Because the straw was necessary," dear," replied his fond mother. "It would be like trying to make mock turtle soup without any mock turtle."

### The Heartless Investigator.

"This lock of hair," said the clairvoyant, impressively, "indicates that she on whose head it grew is proud and haughty, but of a gentle disposition and inclined to be generous. She will exercise a strong influence over your life and be the means eventually of bringing you great fortune. She is much older than you, and connected with you on the mother's side. You have always been her favorite, and she has secretly made her will in your favor. Do you doubt me?"

"Yes," said the skeptical investigator. "I do. You think this lock of hair is from the head of my maiden aunt. Well, it is, but she wears a wig, and I am credibly informed that that wig is made mostly out of the hair of the yak. It may be that I shall make a fortune some day yak hunting, but until I hear more about it I'm going to keep right on scratching for a living."

### Cruelty to Animals.

"I hear that that classmate of ours, Van Teufel, is going to the dogs."

### Unmeasured Compliment.

"What was the matter with my description of that debutante?" asked the reporter. "I said she was five feet seven inches of exquisite loveliness. Wasn't that right?"

"It would have been if you'd said it, but what you actually wrote was that she was seven feet five inches of exquisite etcetera. Why don't you read your copy?"

### A Variation.

"Did you have your heart to heart talk with the Congressman?" "Not exactly; he was in an unpleasant mood, and it was more like a fist to fist talk."

### A Dubious Date.

"The real reason why I don't ride in an automobile is my spiritual condition." "What on earth do you mean?" "Why, if I were good enough to be sure that I'm going to heaven, or bad enough not to care which way I go, I could do it, but as it is, the uncertainty would be too wearing on the nerves."



Seldom does it happen that in a legislative body the floor leaders of the majority and the minority are of the same age. And yet this is the fact in the case of leader Payne of New York and Mr. Richardson of Tennessee. Both gentlemen were born in the year 1842. Mr. Richardson in the month of March, and Mr. Payne in the month of June, the birthday month. And more singular still, each gentleman has served exactly the same number of terms in the House. Mr. Payne entered the Forty-eighth Congress, but dropped out of the Fifth Congress. He was returned to the Fifty-first, the "billion-dollar Congress," as it has been called, and has served continuously since. Mr. Richardson was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress and has been successively re-elected almost without opposition. Mr. Payne was a member of the Joint High Commission, and Mr. Richardson is the highest Mason in the world. Mr. Payne is large and stout, being decidedly rotund, while Mr. Richardson is tall and spare. Both are very clever gentlemen, and well liked.

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Mr. Milton E. Allen, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, delivered a lecture last night before the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, of the New York University.

Henry Hughes, employed as a messenger in the old war and navy division, Pension Bureau, has just received a well-merited promotion to \$300, on which Henry was heartily congratulated by all his friends, who are many. He is one of the brightest, most hard-working and well-liked messengers in the entire office. He is as obliging as he is industrious, as all the clerks can testify. Besides his official duties, Henry is quite a student, and attends the Georgetown Scientific School of evenings, and burns the midnight oil over electrical engineering, the higher mathematics and German.

One of the most popular and efficient chiefs of division in the Pension Bureau is Mr. Charles A. Bryant. He is as hard a worker as any of the clerks employed in the office, and is honest and fearless in his opinions if he feels called upon to differ from other officials in questions which arise in pension matters. He dictates slips to his clerks, giving his reasons for disagreeing with them, if he should, concerning the allowance of claims, which often contain the most humorous and sarcastic comments on the alleged disabilities of claimants whom he suspects of fraud; at the same time, a meritorious case, in his opinion, wins his ready support. For example, he will say: "Mr. X. Y. Z., this man claims for catarrh, bronchitis and rheumatism. When and from whom he obtained the inhaler found with his effects after he was sent to the hospital may be important. Did he take it with him when he entered the service? It would seem that twenty winters in Pennsylvania were much more likely to cause catarrh, bronchitis and rheumatism than a fraction of a summer in Georgia during service." Mr. Bryant is an adroit and player and heartily enjoys outdoor exercise. He is well liked by his clerks, none of whom feels as if he were under espionage of any sort, and thus they give their honor, all do their best to merit his praise by giving their best work and attention to the official duties assigned them.

Mrs. M. J. Sprague, of the Postoffice Department, is the widow of a soldier who served in the United States Army, during the civil war with honor to himself and credit to his country. She is very active in doing all in her power to promote the work and cause of the Grand Army of the Republic, and for a considerable period was president of the Woman's Relief Corps, Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic. She usually attends the annual encampment of the Grand Army, and the National Convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, in both of which she has an extensive acquaintance.

Mr. Ralph Given, one of the assistant United States attorneys at the Police Court, has been connected with that court for more than twelve years. He was for a long time clerk to Prosecutor Mulwony, but after graduating in law at Georgetown University, United States Attorney Gould promoted him to the rank of assistant. Since then he has, when Mr. Mulwony was absent, conducted a number of important cases in such a way as to be complimented by the presiding judge, a rare honor to be conferred on so young a man. Mr. Given has a brother, Mr. Harry Given, who is chief clerk in Mr. Gould's office, and besides usually records the proceedings of Criminal Court No. 2.

Mr. H. W. Eno has for twenty-one years been a clerk in the records and pension division of the War Department. He is a veteran of the civil war. Soon after Fort Sumter was fired upon by Mr. Eno, who was then but seventeen years of age, he ran away from his home in Pennsylvania and enlisted in the Fifth United States Artillery regulars. He took part in many battles and after four years of service was honorably discharged. He is connected with a number of patriotic and temperance organizations, and in John A. Logan Post, G. O. P., has a high position. His home is in Anacostia.

The microscopist of the office of the Surgeon General of the United States Army is Mr. William M. Gray, who comes from the good old land of Pennsylvania. He lives in that beautiful little suburban town, Chevy Chase. He grew up in the city of the Quakers and received a good education there. As a microscopist he has few equals in this city, and when he gets his instrument on an object he can tell about as near what it is as the next man you will meet in a day's journey. Mr. Gray is as popular in the office of the Surgeon General as he is successful in his work, and outside of the office it is the same.

Among the clerks in the Weather Bureau there is none more popular than Miss Alice T. Heroux. She received her appointment from the State of Pennsylvania, and has been in the Government service for a number of years. She was one of two sisters on the Government payroll, but her sister died several years ago. Prior to her death she held a position in the Treasury Department.

Lieut. Charles R. Vernon, of the police force, has for several years past been one of Major Sylvester's most valuable aids at Headquarters, and to him is entrusted the responsibility of determining who of the applicants shall or shall not have free permits to have public entertainments. A lieutenant colonel was appointed a member of the Metropolitan Police Department September 11, 1881, and in a comparatively short time, owing to the skill he displayed in police work, he was promoted to sergeant, and in the precincts were in charge of sergeants and Sergeant Vernon was assigned to the Fourth precinct. In 1888 he was transferred to the First precinct as assistant to Lieutenant Tate. Then as now, it was the most important precinct in the city containing as it does, the Treasury, White House, State, War, and Navy Building, and many other public buildings as well as banking institutions. After serving in that precinct for nearly ten years, he was promoted to regular lieutenant, and assigned to duty at Headquarters as aid to Capt. Manville A. Austin, who then assisted to the Chief of Police. While serving in that capacity his health gave way, and he asked that his resignation be accepted. The District Commissioners refused this, but transferred him to a lieutenant's duty, and assigned him to the Fourth precinct. Here he remained until again transferred to Headquarters, at which time he was relieved by Lieutenant Hollister, formerly chief of detectives, but who was relieved of the duties of that office at his own request. Lieutenant Vernon is so well versed in law relating to the department, that he has not infrequently been called Attorney General Vernon.

In the summer season Lieutenant Vernon resides near Falls Church, Va., where he has a fine farm. Speaking of the Dennis case, Lieutenant Vernon said it reminded him of the case many years ago of Garrett Mason in Fairfax county, Va. One evening Mr. Mason told one of his slave women who had committed a trivial offense that when he got up the following morning he intended to give her a thorough whipping. But the whipping was not administered, for Mr. Mason did not rise. During the night while her mistress was sound asleep, the woman crept into his bedroom and brained him with an ax. Nor would the author of the crime have ever been discovered, said Lieutenant Vernon, but for the fact that she told of what she had done herself. Then she was tried, convicted, and duly executed.

Dr. John E. Jones is the accomplished private secretary of Hon. Thomas Kearns, the junior United States Senator from Utah. Dr. Jones is a native of this city. After attaining his education he entered the service of one of the local journals, and for a long time represented that paper at the District Building. His attention to duty and his extreme energy caused him to be recognized as a valuable man with whom he came in contact, and especially with the Board of District Commissioners, of which Mr. John W. Ross was president. Being of an ambitious disposition, Mr. Jones studied medicine and a few years ago graduated near the head of his class in the medical department of Columbia University. At the time he entered the field of politics and was a delegate from the District of Columbia to the last Republican National Convention, which met at Philadelphia.

Dr. Jones has been one of the most successful men financially in the newspaper profession in Washington, and he numbers among his acquisitions a handsome residence in the northwest section of the city, a fishing shore down the Potomac and a fine yacht. Dr. Jones has occupied the position of physician to the Letter Carriers' Association.

The gentleman who for some months past has held the office of secretary of the Board of Education is Mr. William F. Rodrick, of Southeast Washington. It was a matter of general surprise among friends when Mr. Rodrick accepted the place, for he had long been employed at the Government Printing Office. In fact he had been there so many years that he was generally regarded as one of the principal supports of the great big institution, which is conceded to be the largest printery in the world, and of which the profession is so justly proud. As a singer Mr. Rodrick occupies a place in the front rank and is leader of a choir.

Mr. Edwin B. Hesse is the efficient confidential secretary of Major Richard Sylvester, Superintendent of the Police Department of the District of